

SEDALIA BAZOO

Publisher: J. WEST GOODWIN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
 Daily, including Sunday, per year, \$6.00
 Sunday edition per year, 2.50
 Weekly, 52 numbers, per year, 1.00
 Daily, delivered, per week, 15

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J. WEST GOODWIN,
 SEDALIA, MO.

Rev. Talmage says he dislikes the word "boom" and yet in its accepted sense, it was this very word which brought the reverend gentleman out of the woods.

A Globe-Democrat correspondent revives the stories connected with the James boys. Since Missouri was for years made to suffer because of these outlaws, it would seem to be a good thing to leave them without further publicity, also their mother the notorious Mrs. Samuels.

Chicago has begun at the fountain head to down the anarchists—she is after the saloons. Many a man who is full of red liquor is ready to wave the red flag of anarchy, but at any other time would wave the white flag in great shape. The crusade against the saloons patronized by the anarchists is a wise move, but it would probably be cheaper to hang the anarchists already sentenced.

It is just possible the leading criminal lawyer of Louisville, Ky., who was caught in the mob who were after the murderers of Jennie Bowman, never did such powerful pleading before in all his life. The criminal he pleaded for was himself and just at that time he was about to be sentenced to death and he knew that if once the sentence was answered there would be no appeal. Mob's don't send men to the penitentiary for life, as a rule—there is a shorter way to justice.

The return match between this country and Great Britain in the matter of fisheries has been opened. The United States government having contended on behalf of the New England fishermen that the three mile limit should be considered a shore and not a headland limit, the British Government responds that the same rule will of course be held by the United States to apply in the case of the Alaska seal fisheries, where the American fishermen have been acting on the assumption that the three mile limit is a headland and not a shore limit. How easily all this petty, paltry squabbling could be set at rest for ever, and a large expense and much irritation saved to both countries, by the establishment of full trading reciprocity between this country and our northern neighbors!

A man calling himself Dr. Andrew Jackson Grant has been making his living in rather an odd fashioned way in Brooklyn and Boston direction. He would advertise for the acquaintance of a young lady with the view to matrimony, adding that as he was wealthy, money was no object. A crowd of middle-aged widows and spinsters would rush to the bait, and the "Doctor" would select the first victim and make her acquaintance to some purpose by scooting with her money and clothes. Then he would say "next," and up would step the second victim; and he would go through the list of his new made acquaintances in the same fashion. The gallant Galen found the marrying business a paying one for a while; but he has not had so much latitude for operations lately, as an unsympathizing turnkey limits the area of his travels to a jail in Cambridge.

The ticket scalpers are beginning to be the curse of theatre goers, and if something is not soon suggested to stop their abominable practices, it will be beyond the power of any but the very rich, to attend performances given by notable people. There has been much talk of late concerning "popular prices," but the thing that would most effectually help to establish popular prices would be to abolish the ticket scalper. At the recent Booth performance in Kansas City, the scalpers seem to have had things things en-

tirely their own way and the people were "gouged" even in that proverbially ganging city, until they became enraged. There is but little doubt that the managers of stars are leagued with the scalpers and a determined and combined effort should be made by the press of the country to effectually put a stop to the outrageous swindling of the public which has so long prevailed. If popular opinion can not be made strong enough to deal with the rascally scalper laws should be formulated which will and his occupation be forever destroyed. As for the managers, a proper rebuke to their greed would be to shut off their patronage entirely until they learn how to treat an abused public and one or two lessons of this kind would no doubt prove effectual. The scalper and the scalping manager should both be sunk in the same boat and the public should rise in its might and demand that this be done.

It is possible that no novelist has had more admirers than Bulwer Lytton and as "Owen Meredith" no author has caused more tears to flow from sentimental and admiring mankind. But says the New York World: "Lady Lytton's 'vindication,' just published in London, throws wide open the door of a family closet the interior of which the public may be said to be somewhat acquainted with. There are doubtless exaggerations, perhaps misrepresentations, in her story, but that it bears true testimony to the marvellous cruelty and innate selfishness and meanness of the man she married cannot be questioned. There may be people who would condone Bulwer's actions as accidents of the literary temperament or eccentricities of genius, but they really mark the essentially contemptible nature of a man who was notably gifted with industry and an active mind. The instances of cruelty recorded in the miserable wife's posthumous papers strain very violently the eccentricity of genius palliation. A month before their first child was born he kicked her insensible because she declined to climb a library ladder to bring him a book he wanted from a high shelf. After the birth of the baby he sent it away to be cared for because he did not want his wife's time 'taken up by any damned child.' Their life together was a season of protracted maltreatment on his part, springing from the map's intense love of self and no doubt crossings, for the wife probably did not take her abuses meekly. Separation was mooted immediately after he darted at her one day with a carving knife, but changed his mind and bit her severely on the cheek, and quickly thereafter insisted on by the discovery of his infidelity. Then came a small allowance, not promptly paid, a system of espionage, the alienation of her children, the attempt to close her lips by shutting her up in an insane asylum from which she had to be released in consequence of the uproar raised. Whatever may be said of Lady Lytton, the case against her husband is a clear one, allowing a large margin for deductions. Yet this is the man who utters the philosophy and morality in 'Kenelm Chillingly' and whom his age and generation loaded with honors and titles. His was the career of a heartless coxcomb with much literary capacity and still more perseverance—a strange combination.

In speaking of Cardinal Manning's rather extraordinary letter, the Globe-Democrat very truly says: "By some curious process of reasoning, organized labor has very frequently brought itself to the belief, in times of struggle and excitement, that it may not only refuse to render service, on certain terms, but that it may also interfere by threats and force to keep unorganized labor from performing such service on such terms. This involves the idea that the freedom of labor is subject to conditions and restrictions which make one workman superior to another in rights and opportunities; or to state it in another way, that a workman who joins a given labor society thereby secures a special form of liberty which authorizes him to seize a bludgeon and drive away a man who has not joined said society and who is ready to accept the work that he is himself unwilling to

take. Such an idea is not liberty, but tyranny. It antagonizes and repudiates the whole theory of personal independence, and puts one class of laborers entirely at the mercy of another. Under the pretext of defending the workman's right to sell his labor wherever and to whomsoever and at whatever price he pleases, it really forbids him to use his labor at all unless he shall first consent to identify himself with a particular order or association. Neither Cardinal Manning nor any other just and reasonable person can endorse a proposition of that monstrous nature.

The right to refuse employment at the wages offered is one thing, and the right to prevent somebody else from working at such a price is another and very different thing. If all labor organizations supported the former and resisted the latter in good faith and under all circumstances, they would have no trouble to gain and hold public confidence, or to achieve success as agencies of beneficence and reform. It is mainly because they fail to make such a discrimination that they encounter criticism and opposition. To the extent that they help men to obtain work and to act the part of sober and industrious citizens, they may confidently count upon the sympathy and encouragement of intelligent people everywhere; and in so far as they depart from that purpose they may just as certainly expect to forfeit such consideration.

KARAITE DOCTRINES.

The Beliefs of a Peculiar Jewish Sect Flourishing in Galicia.

The Slavonic novelist, M. Sacher-Masoch, has recently given an interesting lecture to a Paris audience on the Jewish sects in Galicia, in the course of which he described the Karaites, who acknowledge only the first book of Moses as their religious guide. The Karaites, said the eminent Jewish author, are the Jansenites of Judaism. They base their beliefs on the love of the divine; they are virtuous for virtue's sake. Where reason and revelation agree, they say, we accept them as two excellent things, but where they disagree we must hold with revelation, for if reason had been sufficient revelation would have been superfluous. The Karaites consider that it is not allowed to discuss the fundamental bases of revelation. Another of their precepts is: "If you can not do that which you would like to do, you must be willing to do what you can." The life of the Karaites is very virtuous; they pray in Hebrew, with bent heads; in the East they never light a fire, and in Galicia, where the climate is more rigorous, they let Christians light it for them. The sect numbers about forty thousand in Galicia. One peculiarity by which they are distinguished from all other Jews is that they consider that commerce in goods which they themselves have not produced to be illicit, for which reason they are nearly all agriculturists or stewards. Until lately they were exempt from military service, but at present they are employed in the ambulances. M. Sacher-Masoch states on the authority of a historian that no Karaites have been condemned in any law court in Poland for the last four centuries.—Chicago Times.

Important Libel Case.

Can one libel a dead man? This question, which had already been partly answered in the case of Reg. v. Labouchere (the Duke of Vallombrosa case), has now been finally disposed of by Mr. Justice Stephen at the Cardiff assizes. To libel the dead, said this learned judge, in the course of a most lucid and interesting judgment, is not an offense known to our law; for "the dead have no rights, and can suffer no wrongs." But let the blasphemer beware. For, though you can not libel a dead man, you can libel a living man under the mask of a dead one, and in that case the law has you in its clutches. For instance, "there are terms of abuse which, taken literally, reflect only on the character of a man's mother," but which are nevertheless libelous even if the mother be dead, since their obvious intent is to traduce the living. Alike in his rule and in his exceptions, Mr. Justice Stephen's judgment seems excellent good sense. It leaves the dead no worse off than before—they have still two to defend them, "God and the worm"—and it takes a grievous burden off the shoulders of living editors.—Pall Mall Gazette.

—A new theory is that lock-jaw is contagious.

—The French company which is putting telegraph lines in Annam finds itself confronted with a serious difficulty. Recently one of the lines ceased working, and a party was sent out to locate the break. At the gates of an Annamite village the Frenchmen were met by an amiable deputation of the inhabitants. "We are very poor," said the head man of the village, "and we have felt it necessary to take the wires off the poles in our territory and sell them; but in order that your excellencies need not be subjected to any inconvenience, we have replaced the wire by the nearest bamboo rods that we could find, all neatly fitted together. We trust that you will be satisfied with the change."

A PURITAN SERMON.

Salient Points of One of the First Discourses Preached in New England.

The discovery in the Sears Library of a sermon delivered by Robert Cushman in 1621, at Plymouth, affords the entire text of the oldest of all the New England sermons now extant. The Pilgrim Fathers landed in the autumn of 1620. This sermon was preached sometime in 1621 by Cushman, soon after his arrival. It was in the darkest time for the struggling colony, and among the congregation who listened to the sermon were the men who have been made famous through their connection with the trying scenes of those years—Captain Miles Standish, Governor William Bradford, Governor Edward Winslow, Governor Thomas Prince, William Brewster, Isaac Allerton, Nathaniel Morton, John Bradford, John Winslow, Thomas Cushman, Constant and Thomas Southworth. The sermon was very long indeed, and was intended to instruct the colonists in their duties to each other by enlarging on "the sin and danger of self-love." The text was first Corinthians, x. 24: "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth." The first part of the discourse abounds in abundant references to the Scriptures and general remarks upon the thoughts of the text, with numerous proddings at the failings of the men of the times. In one case, where the writings of Paul are referred to there is this thrust: "In both epistles he (Paul) very often nippeth them for their pride, self-love, straightness, censoriousness, and wilfeth them to examine themselves to see whether Christ were in them or not, for many of them seemed, as in this day, to soar aloft and go with full sail to Heaven, yet as men that go in boats set their faces in one way when yet their whole body goeth apace another, so there are many who set such a face upon religion and have their mouths full of great swelling words as if they would even blow open the doors of Heaven—despising humble-minded people like the Corinthians, they carry affectedly their own glory with them and seem to stand for the glory of God."

He thinks that "men blow the bellows hard when they have an iron of their own heating, dig hard when their own garden is planting, but their hands wax feeble, hearts grow faint, and they become churlish when the profit goes wholly to others." In warning his hearers against pride and conceit, the preacher illustrated by this reference to the iniquities of Virginians: "It is reported that they are many men gone to that other plantation in Virginia which while they lived in England seemed religious, but have lost even the sap of grace and edge to all goodness, and have become mere worldlings. Among many causes self-love is not the least."

Coming to the practical application his teachings, the old preacher speaks these plain words to his Pilgrim audience: "It's a matter of commendation for a man to remove himself from a thronged place into a wilderness, to take so long and dangerous a journey to carry the Gospel and humanity among brutish heathen, but there may be many shows and glasses and yet a pad in the straw; some men came out of discontent in regard to their estates in England, and aim at great matter here, affecting to be gentlemen, landed men, hoping for offices, fleshly liberty. Let the show lie what it will, the substance is naught, and that bird of self-love which was hatched at home, if he is not looked after, will eat out the life of grace and goodness, and though men have escaped the dangers of the sea, and the cruel mortality that swept away so many of our loving friends, yet, unless we purge out this self-love, a worse mischief awaits us."

Near the close of the sermon is this strong plea for unselfishness: "The land is untitled, the cities not builded, the cattle not settled, encompassed with idle people, the natives can not in a 'comely manner' help themselves, much less others; friends have died for want of lodging and other necessary comforts, and others may follow if not cared for. Is this a time for men to seek themselves?"—Searsport Cor. Portland Press.

Flowers of Jewellery.

A leading jewelry store up Broadway displays some pretty conceits in jeweled pins. One was a morning glory in transparent dark enamel with the natural stripes of the flower represented by paved diamond work. The bright, varied hues of the outer surface are also brought out beautifully by the enamel. Variegated gold work is coming more and more into use in the line of fine jewelry, and one scarf pin shown an engraved bird with outspread wings, produced a dazzling effect. A decided oddity in the way of rings is a bent shark, having outward curving ends set with companion stones. One ring of the kind had a bent shark around the ends, which were set with diamonds and were joined together with an emerald set obliquely. The silly craze for monograms on coins has died, as it ought to have died before it was born. It was always a bad waste of good money.—Baltimore American.

Trust no Others.

Why endure the agonies of neuralgia, when Benson's Caprine Plasters will quickly relieve it. 25c.

THE LABEL RIFLE.

Descriptive Account of the New Arm of the French Army.

The Label rifle, as the new arm is called, was invented by Lieutenant-Colonel Lebel, principal of the artillery school at Chalons. Its remarkable qualities are lightness, long range and extraordinary penetrating power. According to the scientific researches of the mathematician, Prof. Hebler, it was supposed that the absolutely perfect army rifle should be a weapon with a caliber of precisely seven millimeters. The Lebel rifle has not so small a caliber, but offers the nearest approach to it yet made—viz.: Eight millimeters. With this caliber the advantages are: a lighter cartridge; a greater penetrating power, and a much less liability of the missile to be deviated from its course by a strong wind.

The ball is so covered with steel and brass, as to enable it to preserve its form and to follow precisely the grooves of the barrel. Its initial velocity is exactly 100 meters per second greater than that of the Gras rifle, which had an initial velocity of 450 meters, while the Lebel boasts a velocity of 540 meters. It revolves upon itself 5,000 times per second—always traveling point first. At a distance of 1,800 meters its fire is as fatal as within a lesser distance; and as the line of the projectile is almost perfectly straight, extraordinary hits can be made at immense ranges. To obviate the shock of recoil consequent upon so prodigious an expelling force, a special powder has been invented by Colonel Brugere, which detonates progressively without smoke and with comparatively little noise. The shooter feels the weapon push—does not feel a sudden and painful jar. Three wooden shields placed at about twenty-five yards apart were easily pierced in a straight line by one rifle shot—the ball traveling on five hundred meters further without changing its course to strike the outlying target aimed at precisely in the center. The movable breech piece is shorter than in the Gras rifle, but offers a greater resistance and the recoil follows the axis of the weapon.

On finding themselves in possession of so extraordinary an arm, it was for some time a question with the military authorities whether or not to adopt it in its simplest form, as the best of single-shot breech loaders. But as Austria is adopting the Mannlicher repeater, Italy the Vitali repeater, Germany the Mauser magazine gun, it seemed necessary to make the Lebel a repeater also; as troops armed with a single shot rifle only, however good, would easily become demoralized by the mere conviction that they were face to face with enemies armed with magazine guns.—English Paper.

A TRULY WISE WOMAN.

How a Minneapolis Housekeeper Manages to Keep Her Servants.

She pays them liberally and promptly, recognizing the fact, true the world over, that the employer who beats down wages always suffers from the inferior quality of work done, and from lack of interest on the part of the employed.

Having a practical knowledge of the business of housekeeping, she can not be deceived, and knows how to direct the work properly; and, while insisting kindly, but firmly, that it shall be properly performed, she never fails to give a word of praise for all that merits her approval. She never meddles with her servants' particular ways of doing work so long as good results are produced. She doesn't think it necessary to substitute her way for every body else's way.

She never lowers herself by scolding. Her servants are respectful to her because she is respectful to them. No familiarity is tolerated or attempted. The private domestic life of the family is never intruded upon. They have their own apartments, eat by themselves and prefer to do so. And yet the mistress is not unmindful of their physical and mental well-being. She has fitted up a comfortable bedroom, with a good spring bed and toilet necessities, and adjoining, a cozy little sitting-room, with a stove, table, rocking chairs, etc., where they can rest as women need to. And several times a week they are invited to the family sitting-room for half an hour in the evening, where she teaches them to read English, they being Scandinavians.

She realizes that, as human beings, they have desires for social companionship, and allows them to have a reasonable amount of company. She allows them as many church privileges as possible, and gives them a street-car fare once or twice a week. She takes a kindly personal interest in them, helping them to select their clothing and get it made neatly.

"Too much trouble to take for servants," is it? Well, perhaps it is; and yet she contrives to do it in the intervals of a busy life. She says that it isn't a quarter the trouble that it would be to change servants every six weeks. Those girls love her, and look up to her, and work faithfully for her, and couldn't be driven away from her.—Minneapolis Tribune.

—If you are just gone on a young woman, my son, do not color your mustache, for we have good authority for the statement that "true love never dyes."—N. Y. Graphic.

—Take the Weekly Bazaar.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Governor Lounsbury, of Connecticut, has specified that no member of his staff shall use intoxicating liquors.

—California boasts of a boy type-setter, twelve years old, who can set four thousand ems of solid brevier in less than four hours.

—The corner-stone of the pedestal for the colossal statue of John C. Calhoun, which has recently been put up at Charleston, S. C., was laid thirty-five years ago.

—A New England writer says it is a popular error to suppose that all ministers' sons are hung or sent to State prison, and he furnishes a list of forty-three who are respectable and law-abiding men.

—"Out of seventeen bachelors at Keystone, D. T., who three years ago resolved never to marry, eleven are now married and two are soon to be." Some women have moved into the country since.

—Miss Julia Malcom, of New Haven, paid twenty-five dollars for some land in Colorado ten years ago, and the other day sold the same for \$250,000. The development of a lead mine was what jumped the price.

—General Lew Wallace, author of that notable book, "Ben Hur," speaks of the Turks as "a very remarkable people—never drink liquor or abuse animals, are polite to women and are invariably kind to children."

—Recently at Bethany, Conn., George Lounsbury, aged seventy-four, and his wife, aged thirty-seven, died on the same day and almost at the same instant. They were both taken ill just a week before their death. Mr. Lounsbury died of a paralytic stroke and his wife of typhoid pneumonia.—Hartford Post.

—Nathaniel Hucker, who works the State Associated Press wire in Buffalo, is the oldest telegraph operator in actual service in the country. He has been at the key for forty-one years. Six words a minute was the limit in those days, and an operator receiving by sound was discharged.—Buffalo Courier.

—"When Dickens landed in Boston," says Dr. Holmes, he was struck with the brightness of all the objects he saw—buildings, signs and so forth. When I landed in Liverpool, every thing looked very dark, very dingy, very massive in the streets I drove through. So in London, but in a week it all seemed natural enough."

—A visitor to Havana says he failed to discover the boasted beauty of the Cuban women, of which so much is heard. They all have large, handsome, melancholy dark eyes, but their complexion is hidden beneath a thick plaster of powder. There seem to be no handsome old ladies. Cuban beauty does not last long.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—"Now, while I have my taper lit," remarked Mrs. Forethought, "I'll just seal up a lot of these envelopes and lay them where they'll be handy."—Boston Commonwealth.

—Texas Siftings says "there are plenty of recipes for lobster salad, but none to prevent its giving you the nightmare." Yes there is: don't eat it at night.—Boston Globe.

—A precocious youth, prompted by an unpleasant recollection of the last term, says that school teachers are like dogs. "They lick your hand." This carries off the palm.—Texas Siftings.

—Belmont boasts of a woman who "goes out and chops wood with her husband." It is customary to use an axe, but he may be an unusually sharp man.—Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun.

—Love's Young Dream.—She (unconscious of the flight of time)—How bright and shimmering the Evening Star appears to-night, dear George! Would it were—George (quietly)—My love, that is the Morning Star.

—An exchange says that so many fur rugs lying about the house are unhealthy. We had always supposed that they were quite rugged. However, if they are "unhealthy," why not call in the doctor and have them prescribed for immediately?

—According to a morning contemporary, "four horses, an express wagon and a large number of chickens perished in the flames" last night. The heart-rending cries of the express wagon must have brought tears to the eyes of everybody.—Puck's Annual.

—He (to Pittsburgh heiress)—Do you know Miss Wandergrift, whose father is reported to be very rich? She (glass and pig-iron)—O, no, indeed! The Wandergrifts do not belong to our set at all! They are so new, you know! Their money comes from natural gas.—Puck.

—Leader of Orchestra—All ready. Ah, what is the matter, Herr Schweinfurth? Herr Schweinfurth—Dot overture vill have to wait. Oh! dot feller vot plays de drum can't geep from chawin' unt den usin' mine horn von spiddoon. I vill resign mysellul from dis pand.—Puck.

—Take thick slices of dry bread, dip in cold water and fry in butter or butter and lard mixed, using a little salt, serving immediately; nice for breakfast.—The Caterer.